

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

White Oaks Lodge No. 20, A. F. & A. M.
Regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
A. L. PARKER, W. M.
M. H. KOCH, Secretary.

Baxter Lodge No. 9, K. of P.
Meets Thursday evening of each week at Talaferro hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.
GEORGE KEITH, C. C.
JOHN BOBNETT, K. of R. & S.

Golden Rule Lodge No. 10, I. O. O. F.
Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Talaferro Hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.
ED. F. COMBEE, N. G.
JOE A. GUMM, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
Methodist Church.
Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.
Sunday School in morning at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
THOS. HODGSON, Pastor.

Arrival and Departure of Daily Mails.

Eastern mail from Carthage arrives, Cam Eastern mail for Carthage closes, at 6 P. M.
Southern mail via Nogal, Ft. Stanton, Lincoln and Roswell arrives 2 to 3 p. m. Southern mail for same points departs immediately after the arrival of the eastern mail.
Jicarilla mail arrives Mondays and Thursdays at 12 m. Departs at 1 p. m. same days.
Richardson mail arrives Mondays and Wednesdays and Fridays at 12 m. Departs same days at 1 p. m.

POST-OFFICE HOURS.
7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays—8 a. m. to 9 a. m. and for 1 hour after arrival of stage from Lincoln. Money orders and Register Dep't open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
PROBATE COURT,
HELD AT
Lincoln, Lincoln County, New Mexico,
September 2, 1895.
It Being a Regular Term Thereof.

Present: D. Perea, clerk, and George Sena, sheriff.
Owing to the absence of the probate judge, court adjourned to September 3d, 1895, at 9 a. m.

Court met pursuant to adjournment.
Present: Hon. T. C. Tillotson, judge; George Sena, sheriff; D. Perea, clerk.
Minutes of last session of July 1st were read and approved.

Now comes Sidney F. Mathews, esq., and presents a petition of D. J. M. A. Jewett for his appointment as administrator in the estate of Maria Sena, deceased. The same being considered by the court, was granted, upon the filing of a good and sufficient bond in the sum of \$1000.

In the matter of the estate of Maria Getrude de Chavez, deceased.
Now comes Juan Chavez y Trujillo and Guadalupe Otero, joint administrators in above estate, by their attorney, Sidney F. Mathews, and file final report, showing that the whole of said estate, after the payment of all debts and expenses of administration, has been divided among the heirs, and release and receipts from said heirs filed in this court, and after examination by the court of said report, vouchers and receipts, the same was approved, and decreed that said administrators upon their petition be and are hereby discharged.

In the matter of the estate of Robert A. Buford, deceased.
Inventory of said estate was filed and by the court approved.
In the matter of guardianship of Carolina Farmer, minor.
Owing to the distance that Gabriel

Marquez, guardian of said minor, lives from school house in the town of Lincoln, and the court believing it to be for the best interests of said minor heir, Carolina Farmer, that some suitable person residing near the school house be chosen as her guardian, it is hereby ordered that Gabriel Marquez is hereby discharged as such guardian and Demetrio Perea be and is hereby appointed guardian of said minor, Carolina Farmer, upon filing a good and sufficient bond in the sum of \$800. It is further ordered, that George B. Barber, guardian of said minor, turn over all moneys in his possession as such guardian to Demetrio Perea.

Exceptions taken by Sidney F. Mathews, attorney for Gabriel Marquez. Court adjourned till 2 p. m.
Court met pursuant to adjournment.
In the matter of guardianship of Carolina Farmer, minor.
Now comes Demetrio Perea, guardian of said minor, and files his bond as such guardian. The court having examined the same, it was by the court approved. In the matter of the estate of John E. Wilson, sr., deceased.

The final report of John E. Wilson, jr., administrator in above estate, having been by the court duly examined, was disapproved for the reasons that the same was not sworn to, as required, and otherwise defective.
Court adjourned till September 4th at 9 a. m.
Court met pursuant to adjournment.
The bond of T. J. Grafton, appointed a justice of the peace for Precinct No. 12, Lincoln county, N. M., was filed and approved.

In the matter of guardianship of Carolina Farmer, minor.
Final accounting of George B. Barber, former guardian of Carolina Farmer, minor, was examined and by the court approved, with the exception of \$25 attorney's fees disallowed, to which disapproval the said George B. Barber gave notice of appeal. The appeal to the district court taken at the May term of this court by George B. Barber, then guardian of said Carolina Farmer, minor, is hereby dismissed on motion of appellant.

There being no further business, the court adjourned sine die.
T. C. TILLOTSON,
Attest: Probate Judge.
D. PEREA, Probate Clerk.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
HONORABLE PROBATE COURT
HELD AT
Lincoln, Lincoln County, New Mexico,
September 3, A. D. 1895.
It Being a Special Term Thereof.

Present: Hon. T. C. Tillotson, judge; D. Perea, clerk.
In the matter of the estate of John E. Wilson, sr., deceased.

Now comes John E. Wilson, jr., administrator in the above estate, and presents his final report, by which it is shown that all claims against said estate which have been allowed have been paid, and asks that an allowance of \$25 be made him as administrator, and that the estate be closed and the administrator discharged. The court, after examination of said report, it was approved, and it is hereby ordered and decreed that the said John E. Wilson, jr., administrator in the above estate, be and is hereby discharged.

There being no further business, court adjourned sine die.
T. C. TILLOTSON,
Attest: Probate Judge.
D. PEREA, Probate Clerk.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
Board of County Commissioners
Of Lincoln County, N. M.,
Held at Lincoln, N. M., September 7th,
A. D. 1895.

It Being a Special Term Thereof.
Present: Hon. W. C. McDonald, chairman; Hon. John Newcomb, member of board; D. Perea, clerk.

Now comes Joseph A. Gumm, assessor for Lincoln county, New Mexico, and presents the assessment rolls for the year 1895, and the same being examined by the board, are approved.

The election, for which the 2½ mills levy was voted upon in Precinct No. 1, for interest on school house bonds and defraying school expenses, is hereby declared legal, said levy to be made upon all taxable property in said Precinct No. 1, and the election for which the 2 mill levy and 3 mill levy was voted upon in Precinct No. 1 is hereby declared legal, said levy to be made upon all taxable property in said District No. 1.

No further business appearing, the board adjourned sine die.
W. C. McDONALD, Chairman.
Attest: D. PEREA, Clerk.

The Eagle keeps sets of mining applications for patent; also deeds, mortgages, location notices, bonds for deeds, and all other legal stationery at reasonable prices.

"FLY BY NIGHT."

Joe Jefferson Gives an Amusing Story of Its Origin.

I presume that most people who visit the theater have heard the term "fly by night" applied to minor and unstable theatrical companies, but I believe there are very few, if any, who understand the meaning of the term, and among even the present generation of actors there is probably none who knows how the term originated.

It was in the days when old Sol Smith, dead and gone these many years, had a strolling company which played in only the smallest and queerest of all the small queer towns in the south and west. Smith and his company were playing a varied repertory, as every company had to do at that time, of which "Macbeth," with all of Locke's original music, was a prominent feature. But the public proved unappreciative, and the times were hard. Soon old Sol and his company were at low water mark, and at length found themselves stranded in a little Kentucky town, from which a flinty hearted landlord refused to permit them to remove their baggage until they had liquidated his claim against them for board.

Smith felt that he was equal to the emergency, having "been there" often before, and he cast about in his mind for some means of deliverance. At length he hit upon a plan. He engaged a countryman to bring a strong wagon, drawn by a pair of sturdy horses, under the window of his room at the back of the tavern at a certain hour on the following night. The members of the company were let into the secret, and it was arranged that on the night in question they should throw the landlord off his guard by assembling in the parlor and practicing one of the witches' choruses composed by Locke for "Macbeth," and entitled "We Fly by Night," in which those words are repeated over and over again. Meanwhile old Sol and his most trusty band were to lower the trunks from the window to the countryman, who was waiting below to receive them.

This programme was carried out to the letter. The company was singing "We Fly by Night" for dear life in the parlor, while Smith and his man Friday were letting down the trunks with as much celerity and quietness as possible, but, alas! not, as they fondly thought, into the hands of the countryman who was to convey them to a place of safety, but into those of the landlord, who had somehow or other got wind of the scheme.

At length the work was completed. Old Sol and his companion, with a great load lifted from their minds, joined the company in the parlor and united with them in singing "We Fly by Night." But just as they had sung those words for the third time the door opened, and the landlord, entering, said, with a winning smile, "Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but you won't fly this night, for I still have possession of your trunks."

From that to the present all queer dramatic and musical companies have been known as "fly by nights."—Joseph Jefferson in New York Herald.

Her Little Trap.
"If I do say it," said Mr. McTwombly, "I've got a wife who loves me in a minute than any other woman I ever met knew or knows in a century. She's a wonder."
"What's she been doing now, McTwombly?" asked McTavish.
"Why, she ought to have been a man! She just worked a scheme on me that shows her to be possessed of the true temperament for promoting big enterprises and getting all the money, or for going on Wall street and buying stocks on the right side of the market. She's a wonder."
"Now, she's just worked a scheme on me that shows her supreme financial ability. About a year ago I came home to dinner one night and found her hard at work sewing. Just as I entered the room in which she was, she straightened up and said, 'How many buttonholes do you think I have made this month? I told her I hadn't the first idea. 'Well,' she said proudly, 'I've made over a hundred.' I suppose that 100 buttonholes are a good many for a woman who has so many things to do as Mrs. McTwombly has, but I felt a bit sportive, and I began to gey her, telling her that any child could make that many in half a day and stuff like that."

"She got mad, and if I had taken the warning and quit I would have had more money today than I have. 'Well,' she snapped, 'I think 100 buttonholes are a good many, and, what's more, I shall probably make 1,000 before the year is out, for I have a good deal of sewing to do.' I kept on geying, like the natural born ass that I am, and she taunted me into making an agreement with her whereby she was to pay me a forfeit if she didn't make 1,000 in a year, and I was to give her a cent apiece for all that she did make, provided the number ran over 1,000."

"That was what she wanted. She put up a job on me. With her week she had bought one of those patent buttonhole makers that can be attached to a sewing machine and a bolt of white cotton cloth. With those machines you can make buttonholes faster than a horse can trot. The year was up yesterday, and that lovely woman presented me with 66 yards of white cotton cloth literally honeycombed with buttonholes. Every time she had a spare moment she sat down at that machine and rattled off a few dozen. I had to give her a check for \$775.48, and it will be a cold day when I gey that woman again."—Buffalo Express.

Something Subtle.



"I've been pondering over a very singular thing."
"What is it?"
"How putting a ring on a woman's third finger should place you under that woman's thumb."—Life.

Tough Times.
Rural Manager—My season has been a failure, my folks are starving, and I should like to engage you to play Othello for a week.

Rural Stormer—With pleasure, if your terms suit.
Rural Manager—Well, I will give 50 per cent of all the vegetables that are shown at you.—New York Weekly.

SOME FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

A Chicago Maiden Moralizes on the Modern Joke.

"Man is a complex creature," sighed the girl who was thinking of a postgraduate course at the university.
"I don't agree with you," replied the girl who always spelled until with a double l. "I find him exceedingly simple."
"And how simple one has to be to please him!" groaned the girl with the dimple in her chin.

"Doesn't one often think of having all my wisdom teeth out on purpose?"
"Whatever are you talking about?" asked the girl who was thinking of taking a postgraduate course at the university.
"Man, my dear. Our proper study, you know. And, oh, how much easier life would be if only the comic paper had never been invented!"

"Laura, dear, if you would only keep to one subject at a time!"
"Oh, Laura is all right," put in the girl with the dimple in her chin. "What she means is this: Nine out of every ten men acquire what they think is a vast amount of knowledge concerning the peculiarities of our sex through the funny papers. Oh, it is true, Mary, though you look so incredulous, and the nearer we approach to the humorist's ideal of us the more thoroughly the men think they understand us, and consequently the better they like us."

"Well, I never!" said Mary in a faint voice.
"Yes, and it is very trying to live up to it," groaned the girl who always spelled until with a double l. "I take all the funny papers myself in order to keep up with the latest ideas, and very expensive I find it to be."
"Yes, and then one has to pretend not to understand the jokes," lamented the girl with the dimple in her chin. "When I'm caught with one, I always pretend that I'm only looking at the pictures. But what I do hate worst is the ice cream joke."

"The ice cream joke?" faltered the girl who was thinking of a postgraduate course at the university.
"There was a rich old bachelor at the place where I was staying last summer who finally believed that all girls would like to live exclusively on ice cream. The cream they made there was atrocious, yet I had to eat plate after plate of it just to please him."

"And did anything come?"
"Nothing, dear. He told me when we parted that I had reminded him of an old love. Well, I shall be reminded of him for a long time by the fearful indigestion that toad cream gave me."
"Oh, well, perhaps next year?"
"Never, Laura. I could not marry him under false pretences. Think, oh, think, of having to eat three plates of cream every day in the year."

Laura shuddered. "Still I shall always have to pretend to be afraid of mice and to love big dogs."
"Poor dear! Did I tell you what a comical experience I had in the train Monday morning? No! Well, I had been staying a day or two at Winnetka with Ine, and coming in I bought a magazine. I had my embroidery scissors in my bag, and while I was getting them out I heard an old gentleman in the seat in front of me whisper to his neighbor, 'See if she doesn't use one now.' 'Of course, of course,' was the reply."

"Did they mean a hairpin?" asked the girl who was thinking of a postgraduate course at the university.
"Certainly. What else? And you should have seen their look of disappointment when I began to cut the leaves with the scissors."
"Humph! Did they think you could afford to use real tortoise shell hairpins for such a purpose when they are so expensive and so fragile?" cried the girl who always spelled until with a double l. "Still I always stick in a wire one somewhere for such an emergency."
"I shall after this, for that old man's look of despair will haunt me to my dying day, and he talked about the new woman all the way into town."—Chicago Tribune.

Gone.

Fretfully the golden head tossed upon the pillow. Vainly the great, bearded man sought to soothe the child to slumber.

"Mamma."
The man sat silent in the darkness, and a tear crept down his cheek.
"Mamma."
He rose and gazed from the window into the dimly lighted street. The house seemed oppressively silent.
"Mamma."
"Child, child!"
He was bending low over the bed now.
"Don't make this society racket any worse than necessary."
Glancing at his watch, he estimated with a sigh that the dance programme had probably proceeded no further than the York.—Detroit Tribune.

Reward of Honesty.

Mr. Chugwater, who was taking a ride on a street car, had just handed a half dollar to the conductor. On counting the change given to him in return he called out:
"Conductor, you didn't keep out your nickel. You've given me 50 cents."
"So I have," replied the conductor, counting it himself. "I must have dropped a dime in my nickel pocket by mistake. Thanks."
He took back the dime, put it into his proper pocket, and Mr. Chugwater rode to his destination suffused with the comfortable glow that comes with the consciousness of having done a manly, honorable, upright act.

And it was not until Mr. Chugwater had got off the car that it dawned upon him he had paid 10 cents for his ride.—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted.

"Did you open that car window, sir?"
The speaker, a quiet, gentlemanly appearing man of 40, stood in the car aisle as he spoke and gazed anxiously down at the square jawed, determined looking individual who sat steadily wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"I did, sir," he replied.
"Then," said the first speaker, handing out a card, "if you have any feeling of humanity in your breast for a fellow sufferer, you will come to my house in town an hour after this train arrives. I want to get a porous plaster taken off my back."
—New York World.

Cherabim.
Inquiring Boy—Mamma, don't the little angels have a good time in heaven?
Mamma—Certainly, my child. Why do you ask?
Inquiring Boy—Because it says here in the prayer book, "The cherubim and seraphim continually do cry."—Life.

Asking and Telling.
Mother—Why don't you ask your papa to buy you a ring, if you want one so much?
Little Dot—I'd rather you'd tell him to.—Good News.

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